

1965

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Never knowing and never feeling is passable, but never wanting and never caring is sad. And that's why I'm naming this story of the plight of a young man to find his values and to discover where he's going "the UNTURNED STONE", simply because nobody knows anybody until they have lived with them and have shared each other's problems and have come to see the light, not only as one sees it but how it is seen through both views and perspectives. Each to his own liked the Unturned Stone whom no ones heard of, seen, or noticed until finally he is just one of many, who wishes to live sleep drink love and remain unturned.

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The flowers in the green bed
Do remind me of the world I know
The coming dawn
The bees the crows
The sailing ships
The wind does blow
The clean white flower does look on
Across the field
Across the meadow
Across the blue silver pond
I can only hear the sound
Of animals talking, eating on the ground
The trees, they bend to and fro
Across the horizon
Behind the hills, throughout the morning
Throughout the day
I hear the wind blow blow
Its merry way

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Yellow walls
half drawn blinds
people singing
I hear the whines
Oh patients don't stir
keep quiet, calm down
the doctors coming
he's coming around
What's the trouble today
how is your health
I hope you find your way
I cannot think nor can I hear
the screaming, the laughter
the crying the tear
Yes the tear of the lonely
Yes the fear of the sane
who have been left to die hear
left to remain, just remain
there is nothing left
to love no more
Just rest dear just rest
The strong glare of light
shines through my window
my room trys to look homey
it trys to look so
but I feel the chain
so taught so cold
that hems me in this find place
to become just old gray
and cold

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The light shines upon the glass
so clear so white
I cannot see my hidden past
My long lost lovers
they never last
This means nothing to me I know
It takes two to love
it takes two to flow
flow like paper on a clean cold stream
flow like milk and pasturized cream
love is beautiful and joyous and bold
but it isn't something that should
be forgotten or sold
Only cherishes by two so young
who will never forget the words they sung
together forever, together to night
each one loving
and never wanting to leave each others sight
and when I think of the loves I've had
there is only one whom I love so
to live my life and hers, and never let her go
to live with her to eat to sleep
these are the words I'll always reap
they mean so much they are not cheap
and now to rest to dream to sleep
The things I feel I shall not weep
cause in my heart the love is true
this is the reason can't be blue

WHEN WIND DOES BLOW

The trees clustered against the sky
together they stand
the pigeon dies fly
yes fly, through wind
yes glide, and soar
when that morning breeze
does swing my door
oh, door please swing
so gay so light
back and forth
that redtailed kite
the wind does blow
so clean so right
like my pulsating heart
throughout the night
let that wind blow
let that bird stay high
above my house, from cloud to sky
swing back and forth, old wooden door
swing back and forth more and more
Please don't stop please don't close or rest
let that wind blow you
with vigor with zest
Yes zest and zest oh swing real hard
through out the morning
throughout the day
swing real hard and let me say
when wind does blow in Month
In May

The fish swim through the sleek water
like the damage that is done
from the blast of a flaming mortar
or yet to see the difference between
the young man, the old man
and the sadness they've seen
I have known the fear of death
I have felt it within me
and each struggling breath
the fear of death is a terrible thing
like a rolling wave so high so cold
it knocks you down like a claysoft mold
crumpled, and crumpled till nothing is left
except the rocky reef where you lie
dead in the cleft, dead as a rock
so stiff and hard like hardened clay
like one dead bird lost from his flock
the flock flys south since winter is near
they see the leaves falling
its the freezing weather
they fear
The fear of freezing like drowning
to men, like living so lonely
without a love or a friend
the fear of dying alone is so old
it is so sad it is not bold
but only misfortune to the one who is doomed
to sleep to die
to never have bloomed
until someday he does not care
and passes off death as being so fair
like the love he never had, nor the death in his teeth
like never realizing deaths ugly green wreath
never experiencing near death to bad
but once you have
there is no time to be sad, but only rejoice
like an ice cream cup
and a young Irish lad
who never is tired and sometimes is bad
but always remembers the good times he's had
the fear of dying is a good feeling at that
cause then you enjoy little things of life
when you run off the road with a dirty old flat

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I sit between the green green grass
The blades against me
So brittle and cold
The song they sing
Of fun and joy
Seem to warn me of the coming dawn
Or maybe yet the midnight born
The hours of triumph
The beauty, laughter, the coming dawn
I sit and gaze upon the hills
And seem to see
My old true love
And what she meant to me
The golden hours
The long lost time
The hills we climbed, the places we went
I saw her again and we did
Think and talk about the time we spent

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Big brown eyes, long red hair
The look of beauty
The way she stares
I walk alone to ponder fate
But the lonesome trees seem to say
The end is far I am not too late
Oh God I fear the end will come
Some day, some hour, some one
Maybe I should ask the noonday sun
Or in my heart I'll know the way
To make her happy
Will be my only joy
To chase the sadness in her away

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The end is near
I feel so weak
The distant light
The shadow its peak
I cannot tell when
My day is done
I only know that in the world
I am only one
Without a name
Without a face
The tall long shadow
The finding place
I am not near
The dream, my goal
The crisp wind does blow and blow
across my cheeks
My feet move slowly
With nowhere to go
Like that crisp cold wind
And how it does blow
My hands clutched hard
They tremble so
Like a shaking leaf
Like a breathing bird
Like a moving cloud
Like the clean white snow

I cannot hear the train anymore
only its hum
its distant roar
The train whizzes by
so sleek, so fast
Like a wishing well
And the coin that is cast
The coin like the train
I'll never see again
Not in the same place
The same time not as it happened
That day is done it shall not return
Not like the waves or the morning sun
It is so sad, to see the day
As it quickly does pass
One by one, again and again
The day is done, all that is left
Is memories and the train's hum

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Oh apple oh apple who hangs so red
upon the branch so still so dead
I cannot hear the moving trees
swishing and swaying
in the midnight breeze
the leaves are green the branches are brown
so strong so living
like a populated town
the people cling together
in different cliques
I cannot hear a guitarist
pick or hear him strum
or sing so quick
I've lost my ear, for hearing things
the sound of trains the distant shot
I cannot hear the bubbling sound
of something cooking bubbling in the pot
Oh God whose done this terrible wrong
bring back my hearing, bring back the song
the bright clear day is always here
but hearing is believing
like constructing and weaving
like singing like needing to hear the
sound of springtime laughter
the car that races but faster and faster..
I know my God I have done no wrong
to hear with joy is all I long
Why did he do this
What have I done
I've been so good, I've never hurt man
Then why does he condemn me
in this shiny but dark closed tin can..

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I walk along
The Roadside bend
I think about the moving star
The midnight darkness
The distant drum
Bong, bong the echo rings
The distant laughter
Does not sing
Bong, bong the star does shine
So bright and white
Across the line
I think of all the things I've done
In my lifetime under the sun
I am old and weary but now
The lane is crooked
My back is hunched, my gray, gray brow
I walk so slow and silently think
Of nothing but the fun I've had
I wink, I wink at the trees, the stars
My long, long journey to find myself
That never ended till today
When I am old and ready to sleep
Forever and always.

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Hello darkness, I do fear
I hope it's not too near
The sound of rolling waves
The white crest leaping
The rowing slaves
The dark new cast above
The distant noise
The distant dove
Slow, Slow sea
The cool beige beach
I feel the sand beneath
My feet, the darkness
The rocky shallow Reef
High above the cliffs so tall
The endless shadow, the endless fall
I hear the echo I hear the voice
The darkness coming
I have no choice
Except to leap to end the fear
The hidden wanting
To hold her near
I sit and cry
Fearing the jump
The big red lie
The loud red thump

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Oh, loneliness within
it shouts the glory
it shouts the sin
of people of brothers
their friends, their kin
to sleep for what
time goes too fast
sleeping is wasting
it does not last
it wastes away your time
your thoughts
you cannot bare the line so
taught
come one, come all
to hear my prayer
to save myself
don't smile nor stare
except to understand
the haunt inside
the haunt of knowing
I cannot hide, I cannot dream
or taste the fear
I've tasted it too often
I've tasted it to clear
like welping blood
caught in ones throat
like oozing slime
around the moat
the moat is deep
and you do sink
don't try to save yourself
don't try to think
your time is up
your day is done
to die to end
to torture inside
to bury yourself
your shameful hide
I have no feeling for you
anymore
you're dead you're gone
you lived you bore
the days have gone for you but now
you cannot think or know the reason
you were so good there was no treason
but you lied to yourself
the greatest sin of all

you hid behind your
homemade wall
you cannot hear the truths
you cannot fear the proof
you'll never know yourself
again
so don't worry about me
I'll have my end like yours did
come
like you finally won
the deeds are done

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